

The Qu'Appelle Progress.

Vol. VIII.

QU'APPELLE, N. W. T., THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1893.

No. 13.

WINNIPEG.

DAWSON, ROSE & CO., Wholesale
Druggists, Winnipeg, Man.

QU'APPELLE.

R. M. LOY, Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
Qu'Appelle Station, Assn.

A. HOLLANDHEAD, House, Sign and
Carriage Painter, Graining, Glazing,
Paper Hanging and Kalsomining promptly
executed.

A. C. PATTERSON, Real Estate Agent,
Desirable Farm Lands for Sale. Office
Progress Printing Office.

CITY MEAT MARKET. Fresh Meat
of all kinds kept constantly on hand,
lowest prices. W. H. BENT, Proprietor.

D. R. C. CARTHEW, Qu'Appelle, Phys-
ician, Surgeon, Chemist, Etc. Grad-
uate Toronto University and Licentiate Col-
lege Physicians and Surgeons, Ont.

S. DAVIDSON, Agent for the Mani-
toba Assurance Co. All kinds of
Property taken at low rates.

G. R. DAVIDSON, Licensed Auctioneer,
Sales conducted on the shortest notice.
Arrangements can be made at my office,
or at the Progress office, Qu'Appelle.

J. P. BEAUCHAMP,
General Merchant.

JOHN & EDWARDS, general dealers
in Agricultural Implements, Threshing
Machines, Carriage Builders, Grain Crushers,
Pumps, etc.

QUEEN'S HOTEL,
Meats, Whiskies & BARNES, Prop.

R. JOHNSON, Livery and Feed Stable,
Daily Stage to Fort Qu'Appelle.

A. D. DICKSON, Barrister, Advocate,
Solicitor, etc.

Office, first door south of the Queen's Hotel,
Qu'Appelle St.

W. M. SMITH, Advocate, Notary Public,
Collections and Real Estate Agent.

W. T. THOMPSON, P. E. N., Pomm-
er, Ice Land Surveyor, and Civil En-
gineer, Authorized Surveyor for correcting
Official surveys and Plans, Qu'Appelle
Station.

F. BELL & Co., Real Estate, Insurance,
Loan, Land and Commission Agents,
Qu'Appelle Station, Assn. Leading Com-
panies represented.

R. E. SMITH,
QU'APPELLE STATION.
SHAVING SALOON.
Ordered Clothing a Specialty.

Joseph Shelford
BLACKSMITH.

BOB SLEIGHS
AND
JUMPERS
Of all kinds made to order.
Repairs of every description ex-
ecuted with promptitude.
FLOW SHARES MADE TO ORDER.

We are now prepared to do
job work equal to any office west
of Winnipeg, and at prices that will
satisfy anyone requiring work done
in our line.

The "Progress" Office,
QU'APPELLE.

J. R. NORTH
Has taken over the
Butchering
Business
Lately carried on by Mrs. Mine at the
NEW MEAT MARKET
(Next door to Mr. Warner's)
And hopes by strict attention to business to
receive a share of public patronage.

CREAMER BROS.,
Veterinary Surgeons,
OF REGINA, HAVE
Opened an Office in
Qu'Appelle,
And may be found there constantly to treat
all diseases of animals.

NORTH-WEST MANUFACTURE

SLEIGHS.

JUMPERS.

CUTTERS.

BUCKBOARDS.

HARROWS.

PLOW SHARES.

IRON FOR SALE.

COAL FOR SALE.

BOLTS.

NUTS.

AXLES, LIGHT OR HEAVY.

HORSE SHOEING.

GENERAL JOBBING.

James McEwen, Qu'Appelle.

HAYWARD'S
YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM.

FREEMAN'S
WORM POWDERS
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own
sugar. Is a safe, sure and efficient
destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

J. B. HAWKES,
MERCHANT,
BALGONIE,
Has just received a
Car of good Flour
FROM MOOSOMIN MILLS,
Which he will sell cheap for cash, or trade
for No. 1 Hard Wheat at best prices
going, and more cases will follow.

J. H. MACCAUL,
Door & Window
Frames
In all sizes ready to be put together.

LUMBER
AND
BRICK.
General Insurance Agent.

Pure Drugs and
Patent Medicines,
AT
CARTHEW'S
DRUG & STATIONERY
STORE.
JUST ARRIVED,
A lot of new Novels.

G. H. V. BULYEA
QU'APPELLE,
Has just received a large assortment of
HOUSEHOLD
FURNITURE,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Intending Purchasers of Furni-
ture are invited to call and
examine the Stock.

CHOICE
FLOWERING
PLANTS
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

R. JOHNSTON,
QU'APPELLE, ASSN.
DEALER IN
Canadian and Imported
HEAVY
Draught Horses.
LIVERY,
Feed and Sale Stable
First Class Rigs.
Daily Stage to Fort Qu'Appelle.

WM. BRYDON, Druggist, Stationer

Clocks, Watches and
Jewellery
IN GREAT VARIETY.
A full line of TOILET SOAPS.
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
REPAIRED.

JUST ARRIVED
A large stock of
WATERPROOF AND OTHER
HORSE BLANKETS
Which will be disposed of at
Reasonable Prices.
Farmers requiring this class of
goods should call on

Garfield A. MacGurk
SADDLER
AND
HARNESS MAKER,
QU'APPELLE.

Brass Mounted Harness a specialty.
Repairs promptly attended to.
First class stock and good work-
manship guaranteed.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
INDIAN HEAD, N.W.T.
Now first class in every respect.
Repaired and furnished anew.
Excellent Sample Rooms for Travellers.
Bar furnished with finest brands of liquors and cigars.
PORTER MEETS ALL TRAINS.
A. DAVIDSON, Proprietor.

THE QU'APPELLE PROGRESS.
Is Published every Thursday
At The Progress Printing Office, in the
Town of Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia, Canada.
The rates for our advertising space by
contract are as follows:

One column One month \$10.00
One column Three months \$25.00
One column Six months \$45.00
One column One year \$80.00
Half column One month \$5.00
Half column Three months \$12.00
Half column Six months \$22.00
Half column One year \$40.00
Quarter column One month \$2.50
Quarter column Three months \$6.00
Quarter column Six months \$11.00
Quarter column One year \$20.00
Two inches One month \$1.00
Two inches Three months \$2.50
Two inches Six months \$4.50
Two inches One year \$8.00
Business card \$1.00 per month payable
quarterly.

The above rates do not apply to auction
sales, entertainments, tenders, meet-
ings, legal notices, or anything of a transitory
nature. Transient advertisements, 10 cents
per line first insertion, 5 cents per line each
additional insertion. Yearly advertisements
allowed to be changed monthly, if other-
wise stated, will be charged for each additional
change.

Business local, 50 cents for first twenty
insertions, 25 cents for each additional week.
A liberal commission will be allowed to
agents who are willing to act as agents for
us. Write for terms.

Subscription price: \$1.00 per annum, in-
variably in advance; single copies 5 cents.
A liberal commission will be allowed to
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THE PROGRESS PRINTING CO.,
Qu'Appelle, Assn.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1893

COMMISSIONER TO THE
WORLD'S FAIR.

Hon. Senator Purky has been
appointed by the Executive Com-
mittee of the Legislative Assembly
Commissioner for the Territories to
the World's Columbian Exposition
at Chicago. We believe this ap-
pointment a decidedly popular one,
and is a strong proof of the honest
intention of the Executive to give
the positions in its gift to men who
are well qualified to fill them. The
success of the efforts made by the
Territories to display the products
of the country and direct attention
to its capabilities will depend to a
great extent on the judgment shown
by the Commissioner, and also on
the energy he puts forth. The
Senator seldom does things by
halves, and we confidently look for-
ward to results most gratifying to
our people, and which will do credit
to the wisdom of the executive in
making this appointment.

On Saturday next the annual
meeting of the Agricultural Society
takes place and a full attendance of
all interested is most earnestly re-
quested. The exhibition of '92
was decidedly the most successful
ever held here, despite the views
held by one or two on the wisdom
of the directors in amending the
regulations. The success of these
exhibitions depends entirely on the
interest taken in them by the
officers, and if the people are con-
cerned to the extent they should be
we will see a rousing meeting on
Saturday. The by-laws and regula-
tions require some important amend-
ments, and the prize list should be
thoroughly revised. Now is the
time to look after these matters
when our farmers have plenty of
leisure time.

A limited quantity of Farm Pro-
duce taken in exchange if cash is
not convenient.

Call and see the samples of work
made here and in the vicinity.

W. J. GOULD,
PHOTOGRAPHER.

THOSE WANTING Cabinet Photos
may get them taken, till further
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THE SLAVES OF BORNEO.

Horrible Traffic in Human Flesh Among
Rapacious Tobacco Planters.

"Can you assure me that the former slaves of the South were in Paradise when compared with the slaves of Borneo of today?"

The speaker was Mr. Chalmers, of the Ceylon Tea Company who has just landed, after leaving behind twenty years in India. Archipelago, a man of the past, whose period was spent on the island of Borneo.

"Words are not adequate to express the horror of the traffic in human souls that goes on in that Archipelago Region. The only means of realizing the full force of the pernicious system is to see it in operation. I now refer to the system of supplying Chinese labor to the tobacco slaves of Borneo by the slave traders of Hong Kong and Singapore, where we find these brutal—"

"labor agents" they style themselves—in all of their details of power.

"To the 'labor agent' who you please, the Borneo tobacco planter goes saying that he is in need of 200 coolies. There is no native labor in Borneo, you know, hence the traffic is made upon the slave dealer, who promises the planter that the men shall be forthcoming, and that they will cost him \$100 per man—this is a median price, which, by the way, is an almost universal use down there.

ROBERTING THE COOLIES.

"Out of this \$100 the slave dealer agrees to pay to each coolie about \$10—which, when the tobacco planter, if he is a 'just and wise man,' is expected in turn to deduct from each coolie's wages, and, of course, put into his own pocket. Thus, you see, the poor slave is paying the first installment on his own life. The slave dealer, or 'labor agent,' begins operations by sending his agents up into the highlands and by means of Chinese, to scour the country and spread sensational tales of newly discovered gold fields in a beautiful Eldorado. 'Little work and big pay,' says the agent, 'and this and other false explanations he induces the quiescent number of ignorant half-starved Chinamen, to join the expedition.

"All men" was asked.

"Yes. Women are never found on a Borneo tobacco plantation. The agents having got their men together, compel them to sign an agreement that each slave will pay the planter \$30 and work on the plantation a twelfth-month—365 days, for bear in mind there are no Sundays, holidays, or days of rest of a tobacco plantation. It is hardly necessary to say that not one of these poor wretches knows the purport of a document to which he has put his mark—"

"for the can't read or write. The agents next proceed to have each coolie photographed. Then each one is branded across the front of his chest with the initials of the owner of the estate upon whom he is brought into bondage. This marking process is done with caustic and leaves an ugly, deep-lined, indelible scar about five inches in length. The brand serves to identify the slave, and he is then taken to a remote spot where he is certain to attempt when he finds out he is certain to life to which he is doomed."

"And there is no Governmental interference, in these cases?"

"Only one case has ever been brought to my knowledge. It happened on the voyage from Singapore. There were 180 of the unfortunate, doomed devils on board of our boat. They had all been brought down from the country and taken passage totally unaware of their destination until they were two days out, when one of the slaves gleamed the fact during a conversation with a Chinaman, who was one of our crew. Then, for the first time, the appalling truth dawned upon them. They learned that they were in the wake of hosts of their fellow slaves, who had fallen victims to the slave traders and sold their liberty for a morsel of potato."

"Thereupon these fellows took matters into their own hands at a lively pace. Mutiny followed, and as a result the skipper was obliged to seek refuge in Singapore. Here Governor Douglas was appealed to and after hearing the complaint made by the coolies he compelled the captain of the vessel to release them. But, bless you, this case brought to official notice is only one of the hundreds that go unrecorded. As a usual thing there is no opportunity put into the hands of the natives to organize, and they are carried on against protest."

"And finally?"

"They arrive at Sandakan, where they are unloaded like so many cattle and sent to the estate to which they are bound."

HUNTED FOR HIS HEAD.

"What about the natives of North Borneo?"

"A mere handful in North Borneo, and it is this locality of which I speak. They comprise the Malays, or the Dyaks of Borneo, the Bataks, or Bataks, and other wild tribes of Sumatra, and the natives of Northern Celebes and of the Sulu Islands. It is necessary here to diverge for a moment from the personage of the slave in order that I may give you a better understanding of the people into whose hands the poor slave is sold. These natives are a savage population all along its river banks. There are the remains of truly tilled gardens and grand old trees, while even great numbers of pigs remain, which again go to prove former civilization. For we know that all of the Malay houses are built upon stilts. Therefore, when confronted by these evidences of former settlement, it is a question as to what has become of the people."

"The only answer comes from the chieftain, who tells us that the races have in times past so continually made war upon one another that the end came in extermination. To be sure, there are villages to be found along the banks of these beautiful rivers—for postally beautiful they are today. But even these settlements are situated wide apart. And time it is that the old custom of head hunting has very nearly died out because the few people and the prohibitory law combine to defeat any attempts at head hunting, although it must be admitted that one village is only too glad to rob its neighbor of a head, and as possible as trophies of bravery and daring."

"Were you ever hunted for your head?"

"I asked, had in just, not counting upon as serious an answer."

"Yes, once—only once," the Englishman answered promptly, and, in a twinkling, I shall never forget it. A band of Dyaks chased me around the foot of a mountain. Away I flew, the savage Dyaks after me, until I reached a fallen tree, where I discharged my rifle, and thus keeping them back I gained my camp. And these Malays are the very fellows who at length become the galling yoke around the necks of the slaves. What a Malay will not do for money is not to be classified in the category of crime. They are a standing and ever-ready aid to the tobacco planter, who offers a reward of \$5 per head for every runaway Chinese slave they capture and return to their freedom. This menace upon every side, freedom is an absolute impossibility. The slave escapes one night. That is comparatively an easy matter. For he may hide himself in the interior. There he stops, in a vast, trackless forest, without food and with no possible means to obtain it. Many a day he avoids the river's edge, for this is the highway to and from the estates. Then when hunger drives him to its mad grip, he grows bolder—tamer might be a more fitting word—until finally his craving appetite drives him to the river, with the quivering hope that he may meet some compassionate soul who will at least give him a bit of food and about the first person that he does meet along the river bank is a Malay—some of these human devils who are always prowling about for coolies."

THE TERRIFIC MALAY.

"The Malay greets him with a winsome smile. That is a part of his stock in trade. This smile conceals the evil and he begs the Malay to give him food and aid him to escape to the coast. Rich promises are made by the Malay, who induces the coolie to enter his gongah (native boat), when he pounces upon the weak, hungry, and unsuspecting slave, binds him hand and foot, and, stripping him of every vestige of clothing, loads him, stark naked, upon the estate of the coolie's former master and receives his \$5 reward. Frequently eight or ten coolies escape together, and finally wind up face to face with the alluring Malay and this means bloodshed, for an axe is right to be used to precede submission."

"And there is no avenue of escape when the coolie is once pursued?"

"No. It occasionally happens that a coolie, when hard pressed, will take to the water and attempt to swim to the opposite bank of the river. But what then? He becomes a victim of a still more appalling torture. I have seen an ugly crocodile worry a coolie as a terrier dog does a rat, and with cries of frightful agony, and the water whipped into foam, and stained with blood, the poor coolie at last gave up the battle and paid the penalty with a horrible death."

"Then the slave never voluntarily returns to the estate?"

"Very seldom; for any fate would be preferable to their reception at the hands of the planters. But I have known cases where the wretches came back, driven in by the pangs of hunger, or, I saw one poor fellow, the very life blood wrung from his heart at every step, as he dragged his weary body back, and wam, famished, feet. But death is the sweetest relief from such bondage after all. Yes, it is a pitiful state of affairs down there in Borneo. The frightful dragon of slavery draws his loathsome length over the land, leaving the slime of bondage to fester beneath the sun of nineteenth century civilization. And we so-called Christians gaze upon it with fettered tongues, until it becomes a cry out 'Look at us! We are the advocates, the models of modern reform and liberty.'"

"We will admit that the Southern slave has been shackled, hand and foot and body, across the century, but I have known cases where he had an enemy, he also had a friend. In the case of the coolie slave the affair is all one-sided. No person defends his case. If he does fight for himself his side falls defeated and he dies. Hundreds of thousands of men laid down their lives to the fires of execution. Not a man ever died for the abolition of coolie slavery. It is all a self-sought battle with them. Their life story is short, sad, appalling. Capture under the deception of labor agents, subjection to the central demand of the Indian slave driver of the tobacco estate—and, perchance, escape. If so, recapture and punishment too harrowing to mention. Perhaps they plunge into the river. And if they do, a more horrible death awaits them, as they scream in the agony of death and terror and the sound of the cracking of their own bones between the crushing teeth of the ugly crocodile."

A DEBT WELL PAID.

He Saved a Life and Received His Own Twice, in Life Thereof.

ABOUT the middle of this century there was a terrible uprising among the Nusatani Indians. For a time they were able to keep the country in their hands, and their ferocity and cruelty were horrible. Even so dark a page of history as this, however, is not without its story of kindness and mercy between enemies. The town of Peto was so situated in the Indian territory that it was the only place where the Indians and the whites met. The Indians were more and more scarce in Peto, and the Indians were left to die of hunger. One day Don Marcos Duarte, a wealthy inhabitant of the town, was passing the house where the Indians were, and stopped, shocked at the sight of a miserable, emaciated creature.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I am eating my shoes, as you see," was the reply. "I am starved to death. For twelve days we have had almost no food. Most of my companions are dead, and the days of the rest are numbered."

THE "CRAZY WEED."

A Strange Plant Found on the Southern
Prairies—Its Peculiar and Fatal Effect
on Animals Which Eat It.

The enterprising Englishman who emigrates to the south-western prairies of North America with a view to ranching, has many trials awaiting him, of which the little dream of the Englishman, but to my mind the worst of all is to find one's self unwittingly the purchaser of a ranch on which loco is found. Few people who have not been out West know anything about this plant, which is so much dreaded by cattle ranchmen, and therefore I think a few remarks about it may not prove uninteresting to some readers.

This loco is a pretty plant, something like a vetch in appearance, with white, purple, and red flowers. The leaf is alternately pinnate, and the leaflets lanceolate. The first growth of the plant springs up after the long winter, and perhaps that is the reason it seems irresistible to some cattle early in the spring. It takes its name from a Mexican word meaning "mad," and it is often called the "Crazy Weed," from the direful effect it has upon cattle or horses if eaten in any quantity. At the commencement, the poison seems slow in showing itself; the first symptom usually being a dull glassy look in the eyes, which gradually seem to dilate and become

WILD AND WILD.

To an experienced "waterman" this is sufficient warning, and if he is wise, he will remove the animal at once to some distant pasture free from the weed, for if left to graze on the dangerous herb, the symptoms will become more pronounced, the vision becoming impaired, and the victim developing an attitude for indulging in grotesque antics, sometimes rushing madly about as if demented. When horses are affected, they generally show it first by being troublesome in harness, balking, backing, and often rearing and hurling themselves back at the driver. In the case of the horse, the greatest objection to having its head touched in any way, and consequently is difficult to harness.

The last stage of the disease is a gradual wasting away of the animals; and this ends fatally in a few days. The Indian slave driver of the tobacco estate—and, perchance, escape. If so, recapture and punishment too harrowing to mention. Perhaps they plunge into the river. And if they do, a more horrible death awaits them, as they scream in the agony of death and terror and the sound of the cracking of their own bones between the crushing teeth of the ugly crocodile."

THE "CRAZY WEED."

How to Vote!

Let every man who has a vote,
Vote for "Progress!"
Vote for peace, order, and
Vote for honest measures,
Vote for "Progress!"

Vote as if your vote might carry—
Vote for "Progress!"
Vote for peace, order, and
Vote for honest measures,
Vote for "Progress!"

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Vote for honest measures,
Vote for "Progress!"

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POETRY.

Bound in the Bundle of Life.

"And I shall find my David, who will save me from the hands of the Lord thy God."

1 Samuel XXV. 23.

Heard it forth to his praise!

At the end of the day

In a bundle of life

Life will be mine

And for a while will our life entwine

Lead it in the grace

Granting my soul

Not a gift nor a favor denied:

Life like Thine own,

As pure as Thy Throne

And as classic as Eternity ever hath known

Bound in a bundle of God:

What a transposition and gain!

He and I am bound

In weakness and pain,

He and I am bound

In weakness and pain,

He and I am bound

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A DUFFERIN CO. MIRACLE.

Ernest Duke's Great Peril and
Wonderful Escape.

How His Life Was Saved After His Condition
Had Been Declared Hopeless by
The Most Famous Medical Authorities
Given to a Post Reporter by the
Boy's Mother and Other Witnesses.

Dufferin Post, Orangeville.

The great Edmund Burke once exclaimed in a moment of sadness and despair that the age of chivalry was gone forever, and on every side of us we hear it remarked that the days of miracles are a part of the dim, superstitious and romantic past. We are not going to enter into a discussion on the merits of either statement. Much of the chivalry that we read of had a great deal of the wild and grotesque about it, while not a little that was attributed to miraculous agencies was the work of men of talent and genius, wiser and greater than their generation, and which has been and is being repeated in the annals of modern history.

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